

Chapter 5

Family and Friends

After two hours of visiting with my mom and drinking chocolate milk, I think I shared more than he ever wanted to know about me. Talking about my early childhood brought my mother out of her fog for most of the time we spent with her.

It was obvious that she was starting to get tired as she began to slip away. We cleaned up the cups and empty milk bottles, and kissed Mom good-bye. He went out ahead of me to get the truck brought up as I notified the staff that we were leaving.

For the first time, I slid to the center of his truck to be able to sit closer to him. The last couple hours seemed to bond us more than imaginable. I felt content under his arm as we rode to the lake.

As we were taking the last turn before the dirt road to the lake, a rain shower came from out of nowhere. Once we parked, he checked the weather radar on his cell phone. It looked like swimming was delayed for up to an hour.

He told me to move back over to the passenger seat. As I slid over, he also shifted to my spot in the middle of the seat. He had to shout a bit as the rains pounded down on the windshield, camouflaging us from the world. "Come sit on my lap facing me," he hollered as the hail started bouncing off the truck.

I took my jeans shorts off, therefore leaving my bikini bottoms and my V-neck t-shirt with my bikini top underneath. I put a knee on either side of his legs and rubbed my crotch on the front of his pants. "Easy girl," he warned in my ear, "I need to adjust myself!"

Apparently, if a dick is lying down all squished in his pants and it gets thrust upon to create a reaction, the reaction is discomfort. Good to know! I laughed as

he fished his cock out from its cozy spot and laid it against his body aiming towards his belly button.

“Now, I am ready for you to gyrate all over me, you little hussy,” he smiled as he lay his head back against the seat.

I decided some teasing was in order for the hussy comment. As I climbed on top again, I stayed off his lap by an inch or so while I removed my t-shirt. I took his face in my hands and started kissing him.

I felt his hands gently running up and down my back. His left hand stopped behind my neck and pulled me in for a more passionate kiss. I was moaning into his mouth as I felt his right hand slide down the crack of my butt, inside of my swimsuit. His left hand moved to the back of my head and twisted my head a bit to the right while he crushed my mouth with his. His fingers that were caressing my butt stopped at my tiny hole and were pressing on it.

I fell forward to escape his probing fingers. His dick was so hard and now pressed against my clit like it was going to push it out of the way. I started a low growling scream as the sensation overtook me. Just as I thought I might be able to fight off cumming, his fingers reached my pussy long enough to get wet.

I thought he was just teasing me but he used my own juices to lubricate my asshole. My body exploded from head to toe as his kisses thrilled me, his dick tried to climb through my clit and two finger tips fucked my ass.

When my screaming stopped, he pulled his fingers out, loosened the hold on my head and allowed it to drop onto his shoulder while I struggled to breathe. He kept kissing my forehead and moving his hips so slightly that I was on a slow climb once again. The tip of his dick was massaging my clit and my heart was starting to race again.

“Would it be alright if I love you in the truck, right here, right now? I want to feel you surround my cock in your very wet pussy. I will be gentle,” he begged. “That is if you want me to be gentle,” he smirked, like only he can.

I flipped off of him and began taking my bottoms off, leaving only the bikini top should the rain let up and someone notice us.

He pushed his shorts to the floorboard after taking a condom out of the pocket. I watched as he ripped it open and put it on in less than thirty seconds.

He held his left hand across his body for me to take a hold of and climb back up. I straddled his legs and lined his throbbing dick with my aching pussy while he held my waist. "Do you want me to fuck you now and make love to you under the stars tonight?" he asked with a devilish grin.

I had just enough time to lean in, say yes as I ran my tongue over the rim of his ear before he impaled me on him in one thrust. My mouth dropped open as he took my breath away. I was still gasping when his nose touched mine and barely louder than the rain, I heard him ask me to open my eyes.

When I opened them, he was staring right into them. His hands slid up my body and had a hold of my covered breasts. I reached behind my neck and untied my top, letting it fall so I could feel skin on skin.

He had remained perfectly still while embedded deep inside of me. He held both my breasts tightly with his forehead pushing against mine and asked if I was ready. I began to smile and shake my head that I was in fact ready, when he began bucking like a bronco. I had to put my hands above me to brace myself so as to not hit the ceiling of the truck as he thrust inside of me. His eyes got so dark and glazed over. He pounded me so fast that it was hard to concentrate on the feeling of his cock going in and out of me. As the storm got quieter, his moaning got louder. When he exploded, he held my hips down with incredible strength so that I could not rise up. We sat, locked together as our racing pulses came down.

I sat with my head on his shoulder thinking, more like wondering, why I got such a thrill knowing he was out of control.

I surmised that it must be his desire for me, knowing it was all about me. It was all because of me. That is such an amazing feeling, just like the one I had when getting face fucked and waiting to taste his spunk.

He started laughing as I felt him fiddling with the filled rubber. "What is so funny?" I asked with a giggle.

"A rainbow, it is right over there, with a half a dozen folks looking at it, and not us, luckily!" as he scrambled to tie my bikini top back up.

"Oh my gosh!" I yelled as I jumped back into the passenger's seat and pulled up my bottoms as quickly as he pulled up his shorts.

We sat for a few minutes to make sure our skin color and breathing were back to normal. When I began to open the door, there was an elderly couple walking near the side of the truck. "Shut the door, shut it, quick!" he said in a panic.

I slammed the door fast and looked at him with an obviously confused look. "This truck smells like sex! They may be old but they will remember that sweet smell. Last thing we want is to see old people making out because we triggered a memory," he blurted and then laughed hysterically.

I slapped his arm and opened the door again. I jumped down from the truck, mumbling, "Let the old people get a thrill, you meanie!"

"Last one in the water has to detail the truck seats!" I yelled as I ran towards the water.

As I got about twenty feet away I was suddenly forced to stop. As he was running past me, he put his shirt over my head so that I could not see. What a cheater! I grabbed the shirt back off of my head, threw it in the sand and ran as fast as I could.

He stopped and turned just as I caught up. He scooped me up in his arms and ran through the water, splashing icy cold lake water all over us.

Once he was waist deep he dumped me in the water, causing me to swallow a mouthful. I popped up out of the lake, spitting water and wiping my eyes while laughing.

"That was a tie, so who cleans the truck?" I asked.

He grabbed my waist and pulled me into him for a hug. "I will take care of it while you get dressed to meet my mom after we get done here," he said with a big smile. "She is going to pry things out of you, so don't let anything slip that you would prefer not to talk about," he cautioned.

"What does she know about me?" I asked in a serious tone while still wrapped in his arms.

"I told her that I was bringing a new friend to have dinner with us. I said you are on the shy side and for her to tone it down a little. She asked if it is serious between us. All I could answer was that we have known each other for quite a long time. We did however, just started seeing each other but as long as I don't screw it up, someday, you might be the one," he paused and pulled back looking at my face for a reaction.

"When did you call her? I am really surprised that you said that to her! What did she say? Does she feel threatened because you two are so close?" I fired off all my questions quickly and without thinking.

He gave me that trademark grin of his, "I called her when you were talking to the nurses after the visit with your mom, when I went to bring up the truck," he leaned down and put his forehead on mine. "I told you, I would be honest, that means to you and to me. Right now, I feel I could fall hard, hell I am falling hard for you. But I also know that I need to be cautious with you. I have to keep reminding myself of that."

He picked me up and started walking into deeper water. "My mom asked if you had any special food requirements. She wanted to know what you like to drink. I didn't know besides, wine, snow cone juice, water, and chocolate milk so I said we would stop on the way and pick something up," he continued with, "She knows that someday I will find someone that will change our dynamics and said it was about time!" he laughed while he slowly lowered me in the water so I could begin to tread since the bottom was too far down.

"We have about half an hour before we should start drying off. Do you want to swim out to the water slide on the raft to be kids for a while or be grown-

ups and go lay on the beach towels?" he asked while pointing repeatedly at the slide.

I was thinking how much fun I have had over this weekend. He has been so full of surprises. As much as I don't like slides, I needed to do this for him.

"Let's go swim out there and take a look," I said with as much excitement as I could gather and began swimming towards the raft.

We climbed up on the floating wooden island, then up the slide. He wanted to go first and wanted me to wait until he called to me before I slid down.

With my stomach in knots and a fake smile, I sat and waited my turn.

Up from the depths that he had plunged into after sailing ten feet off the end of the slide, he bobbed in the water, yelling for me to go. I screamed all the way down as I raced towards him. I continued screaming as I flew off the end and as my mouth filled with water while my body sunk into the lake.

With a most unladylike thrashing, my head came up out of the water. Spitting and sputtering the large amounts of water that I had taken in.

"That was great," he yelled as I tried to breathe.

I shot him a look that expressed my feelings beautifully. He began laughing and asked, "Are you alright? I am going to guess that you are not fond of water slides." He stopped laughing and helped get my hair out of my face, when he could tell I was almost in tears, "Why did you say we should swim all the way out here?"

"I was trying to make you happy. I thought I could handle it," my voice got very shaky as I got emotional and squealed, "Epic fail!"

He reached out and pulled me close to him. At first I thought he was mad at me. "I told you we need to be honest with each other; I don't want you to do things just to please me," he lifted my chin, "OK? Not ever, no matter what the situation is."

Before I could shake my head that I understood, he kissed me. He sounded choked up as he further explained, "There is a difference in challenging yourself or doing something that you don't want to do to please someone else." I knew he was comparing this to the face fucking that I wanted earlier in the day. "It is probably time to go back and get ready to go to dinner at my mom's."

He kissed me again and hoisted me on his back and swam us back to shore. I felt like I had disappointed us, so I decided to liven things up and get even for the cheating from earlier. I licked his ear and said, "Last one to shore owes the winner an orgasm while, you, the loser suffers for half an hour afterwards!" As I got the last word out I jumped off his back, swam forward thereby pushing him under the water. I began to swim as fast as I could.

I kept feeling him hit my foot as I pushed myself to swim faster. I got to the shallow waters before he did but he grabbed me into his arms. I kicked and wiggled to try to escape until I realized that falling would hurt now that we were in one foot of water.

He set me down as he took the last step onto the beach sand. "Tie! It is a tie!" he teased as he danced around in the sand.

We walked up hand in hand to the truck to get our change of clothes. "Are you sure you are up to the inquest we are going to walk into, she can be relentless," he skeptically asked.

"I will do my best but maybe we should have a bat signal so you know that I need help," I yelled out as I walked into the ladies room to change.

When I came out of the bathroom he was leaning against a fence railing, texting on his phone. "Wow, you look amazing! Can we just go to my place so I can pay off my end of the bet," he said while grinning like he won a prize.

He reached out to touch my face so I took a step back. "Oh, no you don't, I know your games. You are excellent at distracting me. Your mom is waiting for us," I swayed a little more than was necessary as I walked ahead to the truck.

“Now, about that bat signal! How about if you say... we have to go now because your son is going to fuck me,” he proudly planned. I shook my head no, “Well then, how about, my nipples are hard babe, take me somewhere and suck them until I cum?” he also plotted. I shook my head no once again. “OK, OK, how about if you ask to see my bedroom from when I was growing up,” he did his best to put on a pouty face.

After a good laugh about his bedroom staying the same since he left home, I agreed to his latest plan. We got in the truck and headed towards his mom’s house, swung into a gas station and grabbed a couple of sodas before we left town.

He had turned the radio on and brought out the air guitar along with the air drums at the stoplights.

We rode up the driveway which was lined with berry covered shrubbery. He turned off the radio, “My mom doesn’t think music in moving vehicles should be lawful, she says it is a distraction. If she only knew what distracting thoughts I have when I am sitting so close to you, she might have you banned too,” he nudged me with his shoulder as I blushed.

We laughed about banning me as he pulled the truck next to a beautiful white gazebo draped in ivy vines. We got out of the truck; he came up behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist.

“My mom has insisted that each of her children be married in this gazebo just as she did on her only wedding day. She keeps it looking well-manicured all year round, just in case those of us that have not used it yet, need it,” he whispered as he kissed my shoulder.

“Oh, my boy, you’re not scaring her away already by telling her where you are going to get married, are you?” she shouted as she threw her arms around me. “Hello little one, it is so nice to meet you, call me Mom, everyone does,” she started ushering me onto the screened porch like we were friends all of our lives.

From the back porch I could see the incredible grounds. “This place is magnificent Mom, the sheer size of your garden is amazing,” I blurted in awe.

“When my husband died I lost my place in the world and was not sure how to go on,” she said sadly. “I knew I was good at gardening so one day I woke up and set out to pour all my efforts into the yard. I donate a lot of vegetables to the local charity places we have, battered women’s shelter, homeless family shelter,” she perked up talking how much good she was doing.

He cut in and proudly announced, “She even has the elementary schools from several counties that come by each year for a tour. She lets them eat straight from the garden because she doesn’t use any pesticides.”

“Wow, a garden this size and no pesticides, that is amazing! What is your secret?” I questioned while surveying the numerous different vegetables that I could see growing in perfect rows.

He cut in once again and with a childlike burst, grabbed my hand and pulled me to the screen door, “Don’t tell her mom, I want to take her out there and show her. It is far more impressive that way!”

We ran like a couple of grade school kids towards the expansive garden.

He stopped about five feet from the strawberry and blueberry fields. “Can you tell yet?” he asked excitedly.

I looked around, the size of the berries were incredible, but I didn’t see what could take the place of pesticides.

He stood behind me, “Trust me,” he whispered all sexy like as he covered my eyes. “Walk forward four steps and lean over at the waist,” he said in a demanding voice.

My panties were going to need changed if he keeps talking like that! Not being able to see, and knowing something magical was coming was really having an effect on me. Each step I took he told me that I was a good girl. When I had reached the fourth and started to bend over, I could feel his hands shift and only

the left hand covered both my eyes. I soon felt his right hand on my butt rubbing it and moaning. At least, I think it was him moaning and not me. "Open your mouth, now," he growled as I felt the right hand leave me.

I did trust him, I really did. I felt him move to stand in front of me. I was beyond curious as to what he was doing; surely he can't be going to put his dick in my mouth while we are still partially visible from the house. Then I felt the mouthwatering flavors of a strawberry, a blueberry and a raspberry pushing their way past my lips. He uncovered my eyes and signaled for me to stand upright as I chewed. "That incredible flavor is due to these little guys," he announced.

I looked down; he had a handful of ladybugs and praying mantis. "I have never heard of such a thing!" I whispered, concerned that if I let out the shout that I wanted to project, it would scare the insects.

He put his hand up to a six foot sunflower and the little creatures all fled to safety in the huge flower.

He stood behind me again, arms encasing my waist. I was lost in thought, reflecting on how I love feeling so safe in his arms. "Hey, I know you just zoned out, but my mom is hollering for us. If we don't head back she will think we headed out to the gardening shed for a quickie," he laughed. "Not that it is a bad idea but then she will ask you all about it. Somehow, I don't think that you are ready to talk sex with my mother!" he said as he kissed my cheek while my mouth hung open, perish the thought is all that came to mind.

We walked back to the house and I saw her flower garden for the first time. Sure enough, no orange flowers, there seemed to be every other color except that one. He has a real gift for attention to detail and his thoughtfulness is overflowing. I was trying to make out the structure in the center of the flowers but we were still at least an acre away.

"What is in the center of the flowers?" I questioned.

"Mom breeds finches inside the aviary and has bird feed troughs on the outside for the wild birds. Very symbiotic as they all work together to make her

flowers best in show at competition time. The birds are so content that they have probably a hundred nests in the oak tree just past the garden. The birds act like they don't even know that the vegetable garden is back there. She even has an extensive underground worm farm, the worms mix up the soil for her as they crawl around. On Friday afternoons this place is filled with fishermen digging up along the outside of the flowerbed to search for the earth worms for fishing on Saturday," he said as he began to giggle.

"I told you she is active! She is nosey too and here she comes so get ready. You are toast if she walks you to the aviary because she knows I can't hear or see you two from the grilling station," he again warned me.

She was carrying two baskets and two waters as she quickly approached us like a woman on a mission. "Son, go start the food on the grill please while we ladies gather some salad fixings," she stared at him like it was not a request and he had best drop my hand then move along, post haste!

I had to giggle when he kissed my hand very quickly before he scurried off to the picnic area that I had seen when we first arrived. It was quite the distance from either of the gardens.

She handed me a bamboo basket that had a padded cloth inside, I am guessing handmade. This woman is the real deal!

It didn't take long for the inquisition to begin. And begin did she ever. "My son says you have just started dating this weekend but have known each other for quite a while. That must have made it comfortable to bring sex into the relationship so quickly," she blurted.

I stopped walked because I was stunned at her comment. I have never talked about sex with anyone, not my mom, not friends, certainly not my boyfriend's mother!

"It is ok, sweetie, sex is a big part of anyone's relationship. You can talk to me, believe me when I tell you that after fifteen years as a submissive while

raising so many children, I have no couth when it comes to talking about sex,” she said in a stern but comforting way.

“A submissive?” I questioned before I realized I asked.

“Yes, honey, where you do as your mate wants when it comes to sex play. I loved being told what to do,” she pointed back at the house, “When he was still alive, I craved that look in his eyes when he lost control because I was everything to him at that moment.”

I dropped my basket and covered my mouth. “I am sorry, did I shock you? David did say you were shy. I just thought being forthcoming would be the best approach, I may be old but I can still talk the talk,” she said as she picked up my basket and the water that had rolled out of it.

I stood still, in so much shock that I couldn’t speak; I don’t think I even turned red.

She stared at my face for a couple of minutes before she started speaking in a gentle and soothing voice. “You have seen it already haven’t you, that look, those eyes, just like his father. You want to please him more than breathe. You want to see him lose his mind, his body and his control because YOU KNOW it is because of what only you can do for him,” she almost whispered like we were telling secrets.

She opened my water and handed it to me, throwing the lid in the basket she still held.

I took a giant gulp and choked, causing me to spit water all over the ground. I looked up horrified at such a display in front of his mother. “Watering the grass around here is always a good thing,” she said with a genuine smile.

“I, I, I have seen it. I have very much loved it. Does that mean that I am a submissive? I know what it means I just don’t know what it entails. I can’t believe I am telling you this. I am not a virgin but I am really close. He knows that I don’t have much experience,” I said in a calmer voice than I would have thought possible.

“No honey, it doesn’t mean that you are a submissive. It means that you like what you like. I never liked the label anyway,” she said shaking her head like she was saying no. “What is important is that you realize there is nothing wrong with anything you are feeling when it comes to sex. Sex should be about what is right, this time, next time you may want something different. In all the years I was married, sex was always hot and explosive.”

“Maybe my son is the right one for you and maybe he is not. If he makes you feel like you are the most important thing in his life, believe it. I raised all of my kids to be honest with themselves and everyone around them.” Rhetorically she asked, “Did he tell you that you are the first girl he has ever brought here as a date? Sure, there was study groups back in school but those were not girlfriends. No girl has ever rated high enough for him to want to share his whole world with,” she said as she took the water and put the cap back on.

“Let’s get that salad stuff so we can let you process this revelation,” she said kindly as we walked towards the tomatoes. “We don’t need him burning our food while he sneaks around the yard trying to see why we are taking so long,” she said as she pointed to him, as he paced back and forth, about 50 yards from where he needed to be to watch the grilling action.

She really is the real deal! I am so impressed with this woman. In less than an hour, she has broken through my defenses and had me, yes me, actually talking about sex. Well, more like listening, but that is pretty close.

We finished gathering all the supplies and she yelled for me to pull three cobs on the cob off of one stalk to have with lunch. I did not even blush when she hollered again, “You know what a firm long dick should be like; pick out the ones comparable!” Wow, she went there!

The lunch was nothing short of flawless. She managed to stay away from the sex talk while we ate, I am guessing so that she knew I would eat instead of becoming uncomfortable by talking that way in front of him and his mom.

By the time lunch was over she felt more like a friend than my boyfriend’s mother. She shared with us her bartering system she has going with the

community. She gets all of her meats, to include the beef ribs we were eating by trading for fresh vegetables. The fisherman that come take her worms bring fillets and packaged fish for her in exchange. She bakes bread for the homeless shelter; they supply the ingredients for her to make enough for herself and them. They bring her the old stale bread each week when they drop everything off and collect the new batch of breads, so even the aviary benefits.

She rarely ever has to leave the house except for Bingo nights down at the community center. Hundreds of residents gather twice a month for the fun game. Everyone brings their special homemade desserts. One dessert is for a prize and one to share as a potluck while everyone plays the game.

I cannot even count the number of times my mouth hung open at what she has made of her life. When I first met her and she spoke so sullenly about the loss of her husband, I felt so sad for her. They clearly were very much in love and his love made her know she was a very valuable person. Not the stereotype people read about when it comes to submissive and dominant behavior.

She rose to begin cleaning up the dishes, putting them on a roll away cart and I also started to help. She pointed her manicured finger at me and told me to just sit and enjoy the countryside, the dragonflies will be coming out soon and they are a treat to watch.

"Join me on the porch swing please, unless swings scare you like slides," he said showing off a cute dimple I never noticed on the side of his mouth.

We moved back and forth slowly and both sighed randomly as we took in the view. Sure enough, the birds had settled in for the night, it was quiet except for the occasional hooting of the owls.

Wow, I didn't even notice all the owl and bat boxes spread throughout the garden. Besides eating bugs and rodents, they must keep away rabbits and deer.

The sound of the dragonfly wings were heard before I saw any of them. Sounded like a swarm of bees. They swooped around collecting mosquitoes that no doubt were plentiful due to all the ponds around this area.

I laid my head on his shoulder letting my eyes flick around trying to focus on just one dragonfly. The silence was broken as she came out onto the porch with a pitcher of homemade, of course, pink lemonade and some sugar cookies. "Aren't you guys off work for the holiday tomorrow?" she asked without giving hint to why she questioned it.

"Yep, Mom, I get one more day with my lady here before we go back to the grind and pretend we hardly know each other at work. It is going to be pure torture as she bends over tables and chews on pencils like she does," he said while death gripping and shaking my knee.

"I have bingo tonight, no outsiders allowed. Any reason you cannot both stay the night? You can enjoy the hot tub, watch a movie, play in the dungeon," she teased.

I laughed at the dungeon comment, she is so funny. I looked up at him and he had this look of horror on his face. "What is that look for?" I asked him.

"I had hoped you would not find out about the dungeon until after a few more visits," he appeared to be shrinking where he sat like he was afraid. "I have never taken anyone in there, we were all given the access code on our twenty first birthdays," he squinted at his mother, "Gee, thanks Mom, now she is going to think I am a sex freak." She secretly winked at me as she passed behind him and headed into the house.

I let him remain uncomfortable as long as I could, "It is alright, your mother and I have talked. I would like to see it after she goes out, if you want to show me," he started to cut me off but I put my finger to his lips to silence him. "I may want to challenge myself, you never know, but I do know that I trust you," I said with a sweet smile and kissed his lips.

"Mom, we are staying the night if I can be the first girl to ever share his bed in his room that you saved like a time capsule," I shouted into the air above me.

“Excellent, I will take out some breakfast goodies so we can all start the day off right tomorrow. I have a feeling you two will work up and appetite,” she teased as he turned more shades of red than I knew was possible.

We sat in silence for the next half hour while she prepared to go out, probably both contemplating tonight’s events, I know I was.

“You look fabulous,” I announced as she came walking out in her jeans and lucky bingo shirt. She had her matching purse and her mixed berry pies carefully loaded in yet another bamboo basket. I had to giggle as I noticed even the protective cloth she made for inside had bingo cards and balls on it.

“I will be home around one in the morning, worry about cleaning up tomorrow, and above all else, have some fun!” she shouted as she was making her way to her car.